



# READINGS BOOKLET



AUG 27 1991

## GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1991

**Alberta**  
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION  
ENGLISH 33**

**Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)**

**READINGS BOOKLET**

**DESCRIPTION**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice) contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

**TOTAL TIME:** 2 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet and an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

**JUNE 1991**



- I. Questions 1 to 9 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the essay "Specifications for a Hero."

from SPECIFICATIONS FOR A HERO

I remember one Victoria Day when there was a baseball game between our town and Shaunavon. Alfie Carpenter, from a riverbottom ranch just west of town, was catching for the Whitemud team. He was a boy who had abused me and my kind for years, shoving us off the footbridge, tripping us unexpectedly, giving us  
5 the hip, breaking up our hideouts in the brush, stampeding the town herd that was in our charge, and generally making himself lovable. This day I looked up from something just in time to see the batter swing and a foul tip catch Alfie full in the face. For a second he stayed bent over with a hand over his mouth; I saw the blood start in a quick stream through his fingers. My feelings were very badly  
10 mixed, for I had dreamed often enough of doing just that to Alfie Carpenter's face, but I was somewhat squeamish about human pain and I couldn't enjoy seeing the dream come true. Moreover, I knew with a cold certainty that the ball had hit Alfie at least four times as hard as I had ever imagined hitting him, and there he stood, still on his feet and obviously conscious. A couple of players came up  
15 and took his arms and he shook them off, straightened up, spat out a splatter of blood and teeth and picked up his mitt as if to go on with the game. Of course they would not let him — but what a gesture! said my envious and appalled soul. There was a two-tooth hole when Alfie said something; he freed his elbows and swaggered to the side of the field. Watching him, my father broke out in a short,  
20 incredulous laugh. "Tough kid!" he said to the man next, and the tone of his voice goose-pimpled me like a breeze on a sweaty skin, for in all my life he had never spoken either to or of me in that voice of approval. Alfie Carpenter, with his broken nose and bloody mouth, was a boy I hated and feared, but most of all I envied his competence to be what his masculine and semi-barbarous world  
25 said a man should be.

As for me, I was a crybaby. My circulation was poor and my hands always got blue and white in the cold. I always had a runny nose. I was skinny and small, so that my mother anxiously doctored me with Scott's Emulsion, sulphur  
30 and molasses, calomel, and other doses. To compound my frail health, I was always getting hurt. Once I lost both big-toe nails in the same week, and from characteristically incompatible causes. The first one turned black and came off because I had accidentally shot myself through the big toe with a .22 short;<sup>1</sup> the second because, sickly thing that I was, I had dropped a ten-pound bottle of Scott's Emulsion on it.

I grew up hating my weakness and despising my cowardice and trying to pretend that neither existed. The usual result of that kind of condition is bragging. I bragged, and sometimes I got called. Once in Sunday School I said that I was not afraid to jump off the high diving board that the editor of the *Leader* had projected out over the highest cutbank. The editor, who had been a soldier and a  
40 hero, was the only person in town who dared use it. It did not matter that the boys who called my bluff would not have dared to jump off it themselves. I was the one who had bragged, and so after Sunday School I found myself out on that

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>.22 short — type of bullet

45 thing, a mile above the water, with the wind very cold around my knees. The  
tea-brown whirlpools went spinning slowly around the deep water of the bend,  
looking as impossible to jump into as if they had been whorls in cement. A half  
dozen times I sucked in my breath and grabbed my courage with both hands and  
inched out to the burlap pad on the end of the board. Every time, the vibrations  
of the board started such sympathetic vibrations in my knees that I had to creep  
back for fear of falling off. The crowd on the bank got scornful, and then ribald,<sup>2</sup>  
50 and then insulting; I could not rouse even the courage to answer back, but went  
on creeping out, quaking back, creeping out again, until they finally all got tired  
and left for their Sunday dinners. Then at once I walked out to the end and  
jumped.

55 I think I must have come down through thirty or forty feet of air, bent over  
toward the water, with my eyes out on stems like a lobster's, and I hit the water  
just so, with my face and chest, a tremendous belly-flopper that drove my eyes  
out through the back of my head and flattened me out on the water to the thickness  
of an oil film. The air was full of colored lights; I came to enough to realize I  
was strangling on weed-tasting river water, and moved my arms and legs feebly  
60 toward shore. About four hours and twenty deaths later, I grounded on the mud  
and lay there gasping and retching, sick for the hero I was not, for the humiliation  
I had endured, for the mess I had made of the jump when I finally made it —  
even the fact that no one had been around to see me, and that I would never be  
able to convince any of them that I really had, at the risk of drowning, done  
65 what I had bragged I would do.

*Wallace Stegner,*  
Contemporary writer  
raised on the Canadian Prairies

<sup>2</sup>ribald — vulgar



II. Questions 10 to 16 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

**CIRCULAR SAWS**

When the circular saw  
chewed up my fingernail  
I said to myself  
“This is a bad dream  
5 and I shall wake up”  
but I didn’t  
and in a few minutes  
the pain began  
  
after that, I had  
10 a scar to remind me  
not to go near  
circular saws  
  
But I soon found  
they had ways  
15 of disguising themselves  
so that watch as I might  
they were always  
hurting me  
  
now inside and out  
20 I am covered with scars  
but that is not  
the worst I’ve learned  
the worst thing is  
that under the masks  
25 I wear and without  
intending to be  
I am a circular saw

*Fred Cogswell,*  
Contemporary Canadian poet

**III. Questions 17 to 24 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a radio play that was adapted from Charles Dickens' novel *A Tale of Two Cities*.**

**from A TALE OF TWO CITIES**

**CHARACTERS:**

**CHARLES DARNAY** — a member of the aristocratic French family of Evremonde, unjustly sentenced to die

**LUCIE DARNAY** — the wife of Charles, daughter of Alexandre Manette

**SYDNEY CARTON** — an English lawyer, hopelessly in love with Lucie

**RAMBEAU** — the head jailer

**BARSAD** — an accomplice of Carton who has agreed to be a lookout in the prison

**JARVIS LORRY** — a banker, friend of the Manettes

*The action takes place in 1793, during the French Revolution. It is the time of the Reign of Terror. The imprisoned CHARLES DARNAY is to be executed this morning. SYDNEY CARTON has devised a plan he hopes will ensure Charles' freedom and Lucie's happiness.*

**RAMBEAU:** Here you are. Only a few minutes, now. I'll be up the corridor waiting. Call for me when you need me.

**SOUND:** *Heavy key in lock. Heavy door swings open.*

**RAMBEAU:** Step in. (*Leaving BARSAD outside the cell.*)

5 **BARSAD:** And lose no time.

**SOUND:** *Door closes.*

**DARNAY:** Who is it?

**CARTON:** It is I, Charles.

**DARNAY:** Sydney Carton.

10 **CARTON:** Yes. Don't ask any questions.

**DARNAY:** Are you a prisoner?

**CARTON:** No, Darnay. I came from her — your wife. She sent me with a request. A most earnest, emphatic entreaty. You must obey it.

**DARNAY:** Of course.

15 **CARTON:** There is no time to ask me what it means. Here, draw on these boots of mine. Quick!

**DARNAY:** No.

**CARTON** (*Commandingly*): Do as I say. Change your cravat<sup>1</sup> for mine. Put on my coat and hat.

20 **DARNAY:** Carton, there is no escaping from this place. It never can be done. You will only die with me.

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>cravat — a necktie or a scarf worn as a necktie



**CARTON:** I shall not die with you.

**DARNAY:** It's madness.

**CARTON:** It would be madness if I asked you to escape, but do I? Here, change  
25 and be swift. I'll help you.

**DARNAY** (*As though struggling*): It never can be done. It's been tried before and  
has always failed. Don't add your death to mine.

**CARTON:** Put my coat on. (*Pause*) Now my cloak. There!

**DARNAY:** It can't be done.

30 **CARTON:** Have I asked you to walk through that door? There are pen and paper  
on this table. Write what I shall dictate. Quick!

**DARNAY:** To whom do I address it?

**CARTON:** To no one.

**DARNAY:** Do I date it?

35 **CARTON:** No. Write this.

**DARNAY:** I'm ready.

**SOUND:** *Scratching of pen on paper, which stops only when one of the two makes  
an observation.*

40 **CARTON:** "If you remember the words that passed between us long ago you will  
readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know.  
It is not in your nature to forget them. . . ."

**DARNAY:** Is that all?

**CARTON:** No.

**DARNAY:** Is that a weapon you are holding?

45 **CARTON:** No. Write on. "I am thankful that the time has come when I can  
prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief. . . ."

**DARNAY:** What is that odor . . . a vapor?

**CARTON:** It is nothing. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry! "If it had been  
otherwise, I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been  
50 otherwise, I should have so much the more to answer for."

**DARNAY** (*Groggily*): That vapor . . . my head.

**CARTON:** I have to do it, Charles.

**SOUND:** *A slight struggle between the two.*

55 **CARTON:** Have . . . to . . . understand . . . have to. . . . A few more whiffs and  
you'll. . . .

**DARNAY** (*Breathing heavily for a few seconds. Then passes out.*)

**CARTON:** Just enough to drug you into unconsciousness. Enough to make you  
sleep soundly. This note, Charles, I'll leave inside your coat. There! (*Pause*)  
Barsad. Barsad!

60 **SOUND:** *Door creaks open.*

**BARSAD:** He's all right?

**CARTON:** Unconscious. No hazard now.

**BARSAD:** Not if you keep to your bargain.

65 **CARTON:** If they do discover the trick, you and he and the rest will be many  
miles from here. Now, call the jailer and take me to the coach.

*Continued*

**BARSAD:** *You?*

**CARTON:** *No* — Darnay. Leave by the same gate we entered.

**BARSAD:** I understand.

70 **CARTON:** I was weak and faint when I came in, and now I am fainter. This has been too much for me to bear. Such a thing has happened here often. Is that clear? Your life is in your hands.

**BARSAD:** You promise not to betray me?

**CARTON:** Yes, now call the jailer.

**BARSAD:** If we're caught — what then?

75 **CARTON:** You won't be if you do exactly as I say. Get him to the coach in the courtyard. Turn him over to Mr. Lorry, and tell him to remember my words of last night to drive away. Now, call the jailer. Here, first get him to his feet. (*Grunting*) I'll help you. There! I'll sit at the table, my back to the door, my head in my hands.

80 **BARSAD** (*Calling out*): Monsieur, Monsieur Rambeau.

**RAMBEAU** (*Away*): Coming.

**BARSAD** (*To CARTON*): Mr. Carton, don't betray me.

**CARTON:** I swear I won't.

85 **RAMBEAU** (*Fading in*): Well, you were long enough. This is a busy day for me. There are fifty-two visitors to the guillotine<sup>2</sup> today; fifty-two. (*Suddenly*) What has happened to Monsieur Carton?

**BARSAD:** This has been too much for him to bear. He has fainted. We must get him outside at once into the air.

90 **RAMBEAU:** So afflicted to find his friend, Darnay, has drawn a prize in the lottery of the guillotine.

**BARSAD:** I will support him. You open the door.

**RAMBEAU:** And Monsieur Evremonde, or Darnay, or whatever your name is, why do you hold your head in your hands? Look at me.

**BARSAD** (*Sharply*): If we are caught, we'll both suffer. Let us go.

95 **RAMBEAU** (*Laughing*): A pair of unconscious men. Never worry, Monsieur Darnay, we shall be back for you within a few minutes. Meanwhile, rest well. (*Laughing*)

**SOUND:** *Door squeaks shut. Key in lock.*

100 **CARTON** (*After short pause*): God be with you, Darnay, and you, too, my dearest Lucie.

**MUSIC:** *Dramatic.*

**NARRATOR:** SYDNEY CARTON is left alone. Minutes tick away. Then sounds come to his ears. At last his own door is opened. A guard, with a list in his hand, looks in.

105 **GUARD** (*Sharply*): Follow me, Evremonde.

Adapted from a novel by  
Charles Dickens

<sup>2</sup>guillotine — apparatus used to execute prisoners by beheading them

IV. Questions 25 to 31 in your Questions Booklet are based on this newspaper article.

**BLOOD SPORTS AGELESS, SENSELESS**

A young bullfighter dies in Spain, gored through the heart. A young boxer dies in Los Angeles, pounded senseless. In suburban America, pit terriers grip each other's jugulars in a desperate bid to be the last to die, while an invitation-only audience shouts them on.

5 In previous ages, bear-baiting, gladiatorial contests and feeding Christians to hungry beasts were part of the public spectacle.

These are blood sports, sports in which the sight or simulation of a violent, death-inducing conflict are the lure. Except for boxing (and hockey, some might say) they do not enjoy official endorsement in North America. Indeed, our concern  
10 extends to ensuring that circus and rodeo animals are well-treated.

But I have to wonder how deeply our official horror of blood sports reaches after watching just one evening of prime-time television.

Never mind that, on television at least, the focus is rarely on the raw meat spilling from a bullet hole. Never mind that the aim of gun-wielding bad guys,  
15 and often enough the good guys, in television shows is incredibly bad (in one case a felon armed with a submachine-gun was unable to hit a hovering helicopter 10 metres away).

Somehow people who are repulsed by the idea of spending the afternoon watching male bovines<sup>1</sup> teased, speared through the heart and then dragged out by  
20 the feet have little difficulty watching human beings set each other up for equally entertaining and fatal accidents on television and film.

Technological distance helps. When the target is merely a white speck on a radar screen, the agent of death is a super-duper helicopter, and the enemy is a slightly-less-super helicopter, death has no more reality than a video game.

25 Equally useful is creation of a fantasy world in which bad people can be identified immediately by their narrowed eyes, unpleasant laughter and clumsiness in fist fights.

To some extent it is the chase, rather than its conclusion, on which television concentrates. Squealing tires, fiery explosions, gunshots echoing, bullets zinging in  
30 a neat pattern on either side of our hero's running feet, and bodies flying through the air are action. The last breaths of a dying human being are not.

But it is still fair to ask whether the North American television death cult is in any way morally superior to what one Spanish writer calls his country's "death culture."

35 From a box seat in the Roman Coliseum, it must not have been so different. At one's left, a fellow senator munching on grapes. On one's right, a servant pours another glass of Tuscan wine. And below, animals roar and growl, women scream, men cry.

A little terror, a little courage, a glass of wine, and thee. And a few slaves  
40 to haul in new sand so that tomorrow's episode can begin on a clean floor. We call it soap opera or drama. The Romans called it the arena. The difference is only time.

*Paul De Groot,  
Writer for The Edmonton Journal*

<sup>1</sup>male bovines — bulls

- V. After reading the newspaper article "Blood sports ageless, senseless," Robin writes a letter to her sister, Susan, who is attending college in Vancouver. Read Robin's first draft and answer questions 32 to 38 in your Questions Booklet.

9 Nalwen Crescent  
Nalwen, Alberta  
T0R 5S7

June 3, 1991

Dear Susan,

Too bad long weekends are so short — we hardly had time to get all talked out! Are you still looking for <sup>material</sup> ~~stuff~~ for your term paper on the history of violence in human forms of entertainment? I hope you are. I think this <sup>article</sup> ~~report~~ I've <sup>enclosed</sup> ~~put in~~ is really saying a <sup>real</sup> ~~lot~~ in a few well-chosen words. Even <sup>if</sup> ~~is~~ you don't need it, I think you'll find it <sup>e</sup> ~~interesting~~ <sup>like</sup> I did, <sup>!</sup> ~~!~~ The writer ~~kind of~~ <sup>(space)</sup> uses humor in a way, but I think he's really very serious in his criticism ~~of the violence in our leisure activities.~~ <sup>that senseless violence has become a common form of entertainment.</sup>

Was I ever surprised to learn that <sup>there are organized</sup> ~~they're~~ dog fights ~~that are~~ ~~organized~~ and that the spectators come by "invitation only"! I mean, this goes on in our modern world <sup>!</sup> ~~of today.~~ The bullfights and the boxing, ~~they~~ didn't surprise me because I've heard about them before. Do you know if the "inv<sup>i</sup>itation only" means that these dogfights are <sup>!</sup> ~~legal~~, or are they just for people who have ~~got~~ lots of money to pay ~~in order~~ to see them?

*Continued*



We ~~sure~~ have found a variety of ways to be violent throughout history, haven't we? I guess feeding Christians to lions was looked on as a good way to scare people ~~off of~~ <sup>from</sup> becoming Christians. Would you call that an example of mixing business with pleasure? Some of those Roman rulers were ~~so mean!~~ <sup>such tyrants</sup> Maybe they needed violent entertainment to keep the people from getting violent with them.

I agree with the ~~article~~ writer that much of T.V. violence is silly and ~~you can end up being misled by it.~~ <sup>misleading.</sup> You get the idea that the bad guys are always ugly, ~~and dumb, and klutzy.~~ <sup>klutzy.</sup> Both the good guys and the bad guys ~~that waste~~ <sup>waste</sup> all kinds of bullets, but it's always the good guy who gets ~~getting~~ in that oh-so-final lucky shot! As the writer ~~he~~ says, it really is too bad that the excitement of the car chase makes people forget that ~~usually somebody is going to have to go and "die" before~~ <sup>will</sup> the chase ends. ~~Also, and the ending is always the same; the good guy chases the bad guy, and the good guy gets the bad guy — the end!~~ <sup>Also, plot</sup>

Well, at least people are concerned for circus and rodeo animals, ~~And people are concerned about all the threatened species and seem to want to help them.~~ <sup>And people are concerned about all the threatened species and seem to want to help them.</sup> so maybe there's hope for us yet! As you so often say, yourself, "A person's gotta start somewhere"! And a person's gotta end somewhere, so I'll say "Bye now"!

Looking forward to seeing you next month!

Robin

VI. Questions 39 to 45 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Ross*.

from ROSS

*In this excerpt, T.E. Lawrence, an English military officer, has gone to meet Auda Abu Tayi, the greatest warrior in Arabia. LAWRENCE wants to persuade AUDA to accept a strategy that will enable the Arabs to take Akaba, a strategic seaport city held by the Turks. The year is 1916.*

5      **AUDA** (*Passionately*): El Aurans,<sup>1</sup> I have no great love for the Turks. Feisal<sup>2</sup> is my friend and I would be his ally. But what are you asking? A march in the worst month of the year across the worst desert in Arabia — el Houli — the desolate — that even the jackals and vultures fear — where the sun can beat a man to madness and where day or night a wind of such scorching dryness can blow that a man's skin is stripped from his body. It is a terrible desert — el Houli — and terrible is not a word that comes lightly to the lips of Auda Abu Tayi.

**LAWRENCE** (*Mildly*): I had believed it a word unknown to him.

10     **AUDA**: My friend, your flattery will not make wells. And it will not stop the few wells there *are* on the fringe of that desert from being poisoned by the Turks the moment they learn of our objective — as they must —

**LAWRENCE**: Why must they?

15     **AUDA**: Do you think I am unknown in Arabia? Do you think that when Auda rides out at the head of five hundred men the Turks will not ask questions?

**LAWRENCE**: Indeed they will, but will they get the right answer?

**AUDA**: They are not fools.

20     **LAWRENCE**: No. And that is why the last thing they will look for is an attack across el Houli on the port of Akaba. If such a project seems mad even to Auda, how will it seem to the Turks?

**AUDA** (*Chuckling*): By heaven — there is some wisdom there, el Aurans. They would not even guess at it. No sane man ever could —

25     **LAWRENCE** (*Taking the map*): But just in case they do, the direction of our march should be north-west at first, to make them believe we are aiming at a raid on the railway.

**AUDA** (*Abstractedly interrupting*): Has Feisal much gold?

**LAWRENCE**: Alas — he is rich only in promises — and so am I on his behalf.

**AUDA**: And what would you have promised me if I had consented to this madness?

**LAWRENCE**: A higher price than the Turks could pay.

30     **AUDA**: Then it must be high indeed. What is it?

**LAWRENCE**: The praise of the whole world for the most brilliant feat of arms in Arabian history.

    (*Pause*)

35     **AUDA** (*Gazing at the map*): Akaba! Even your own all-powerful Navy has not dared attack it.

**LAWRENCE**: Oh yes.

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>El Aurans — in Arabic, Lawrence is called “el Aurans”

<sup>2</sup>Feisal — a powerful Arabian prince



AUDA: And were defeated?  
 LAWRENCE: Oh no. Our Navy is never defeated.  
 AUDA: Well?

40 LAWRENCE: After a successful bombardment they withdrew.  
 AUDA: Beaten off by the Turkish guns.  
 LAWRENCE: They are very powerful guns.  
 AUDA: Have *I* powerful guns?  
 LAWRENCE: You have no need of guns.

45 AUDA: How? No need?  
 LAWRENCE: There is no gun — however powerful — that can fire backwards.  
 (Pause)  
 AUDA: They all point out to sea?  
 LAWRENCE: All out to sea.

50 AUDA: Fixed?  
 LAWRENCE: Fixed.  
 (Pause)  
 AUDA: How strong are the Turks?  
 LAWRENCE: About two thousand in the area.

55 AUDA: Against five hundred?  
 LAWRENCE: Four to one. Auda's odds.  
 AUDA (*Chuckling*): Auda's odds. Have they made no preparations against an attack  
 from the land?  
 LAWRENCE: None.

60 AUDA: They believe it impossible?  
 LAWRENCE: A madman's dream.  
 AUDA (*Chuckling*): The fools. No fortifications facing the land at all?  
 LAWRENCE: A few — a very few — but they will be easy to surprise.

65 AUDA: A camel charge, at night. My battle cry, to panic the idiots from their  
 beds, and then amongst them.  
 LAWRENCE: They may well surrender at the very sound.  
 AUDA (*Genuinely alarmed*): May Allah forbid! My friend, do you think I am  
 marching across el Houl in the deadliest month of the year, to be rewarded  
 at the end with a tame surrender — ?

70 LAWRENCE: Well — then — perhaps no battle cry —  
 AUDA: That, too, is unthinkable. Even Turks must know who it is that kills them.  
 A charge in daylight, then — after due warning —  
 LAWRENCE: Not too long a warning.

75 AUDA: Not too long and not too short. Akaba! What a gift to make to  
 Feisal —

Terence Rattigan,  
 Contemporary British playwright

VII. Questions 46 to 55 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

THE PUMPERNICKEL

Mr. and Mrs. Welles walked away from the movie theater late at night and went into the quiet little store, a combination restaurant and delicatessen. They settled in a booth, and Mrs. Welles said, "Baked ham on pumpernickel." Mr. Welles glanced toward the counter, and there lay a loaf of pumpernickel.

5 "Why," he murmured, "pumpernickel . . . Druce's Lake . . ."

The night, the late hour, the empty restaurant — by now the pattern was familiar. Anything could set him off on a tide of reminiscence. The scent of autumn leaves, or midnight winds blowing, could stir him from himself, and memories would pour around him. Now in the unreal hour after the theater, in  
10 this lonely store, he saw a loaf of pumpernickel bread and, as on a thousand other nights, he found himself moved into the past.

"Druce's Lake," he said again.

"What?" His wife glanced up.

"Something I'd almost forgotten," said Mr. Welles. "In 1910, when I was  
15 twenty, I nailed a loaf of pumpernickel to the top of my bureau mirror. . . ."

In the hard, shiny crust of the bread, the boys at Druce's Lake had cut their names: *Tom, Nick, Bill, Alec, Paul, Jack*. The finest picnic in history! Their faces tanned as they rattled down the dusty roads. Those were the days when roads were *really* dusty; a fine brown talcum floured up after your car. And the lake  
20 was always twice as good to reach as it would be later in life when you arrived immaculate, clean, and unrumpled.

"That was the last time the old gang got together," Mr. Welles said.

After that, college, work, and marriage separated you. Suddenly you found yourself with some other group. And you never felt as comfortable or as much  
25 at ease again in all your life.

"I wonder," said Mr. Welles. "I like to think maybe we all *knew*, somehow, that this picnic might be the last we'd have. You first get that empty feeling the day after high-school graduation. Then, when a little time passes and no one vanishes immediately, you relax. But after a year you realize the old world is  
30 changing. And you want to do some one last thing before you lose one another. While you're all still friends, home from college for the summer, this side of marriage, you've got to have something like a last ride and a swim in the cool lake."

Mr. Welles remembered that rare summer morning, he and Tom lying under  
35 his father's Ford, reaching up their hands to adjust this or that, talking about machines and women and the future. While they worked, the day got warm. At last Tom said, "Why don't we drive out to Druce's Lake?"

As simple as that.

Yet, forty years later, you remember every detail of picking up the other  
40 fellows, everyone yelling under the green trees.

"Hey!" Alec beating everyone's head with the pumpernickel and laughing. "This is for extra sandwiches, later."

Nick had made the sandwiches that were already in the hamper — the garlic kind they would eat less of as the years passed and the girls moved in.

*Continued*

45 Then, squeezing three in the front, three in the rear, with their arms across one another's shoulders, they drove through the boiling, dusty countryside, with a cake of ice in a tin washtub to cool the beer they'd buy.

What was the special quality of that day that it should focus like a stereoscopic image, fresh and clear, forty years later? Perhaps each of them had had an  
50 experience like his own. A few days before the picnic, he had found a photograph of his father twenty-five years younger, standing with a group of friends at college. The photograph had disturbed him, made him aware as he had not been before of the passing of time, the swift flow of the years away from youth. A picture  
55 taken of him as he was now would, in twenty-five years, look as strange to his own children as his father's picture did to him — unbelievably young, a stranger out of a strange, never-returning time.

Was that how the final picnic had come about — with each of them knowing that in a few short years they would be crossing streets to avoid one another, or, if they met, saying, "We've *got* to have lunch sometime!" but never doing it?  
60 Whatever the reason, Mr. Welles could still hear the splashes as they'd plunged off the pier under a yellow sun. And then the beer and sandwiches underneath the shady trees.

We never ate that pumpernickel, Mr. Welles thought. Funny, if we'd been a bit hungrier, we'd have cut it up, and I wouldn't have been reminded of it by  
65 that loaf there on the counter.

Lying under the trees in a golden peace that came from beer and sun and male companionship, they promised that in ten years they would meet at the courthouse on New Year's Day, 1920, to see what they had done with their lives. Talking their rough easy talk, they carved their names in the pumpernickel.

70 "Driving home," Mr. Welles said, "we sang 'Moonlight Bay.'"

He remembered motoring along in the hot, dry night with their swimsuits damp on the jolting floorboards. It was a ride of many detours taken just for the hell of it, which was the best reason in the world.

"Good night." "So long." "Good night."

75 Then Welles was driving alone, at midnight, home to bed.

He nailed the pumpernickel to his bureau the next day.

"I almost cried when, two years later, my mother threw it in the incinerator while I was off at college."

"What happened in 1920?" asked his wife. "On New Year's Day?"

80 "Oh," said Mr. Welles. "I was walking by the courthouse, by accident, at noon. It was snowing. I heard the clock strike. Lord, I thought, we were supposed to meet here today! I waited five minutes. Not right in front of the courthouse, no. I waited across the street." He paused. "Nobody showed up."

He got up from the table and paid the bill. "And I'll take that loaf of unsliced  
85 pumpernickel there," he said.

When he and his wife were walking home, he said, "I've got a crazy idea. I often wondered what happened to everyone."

"Nick's still in town with his café."

90 "But what about the others?" Mr. Welles's face was getting pink and he was smiling and waving his hands. "They moved away. I think Tom's in Cincinnati." He looked quickly at his wife. "Just for the heck of it, I'll send him this pumpernickel."

"Oh, but —"

*Continued*

“Sure!” He laughed, walking faster, slapping the bread with the palm of his  
95 hand. “Have him carve his name on it and mail it on to the others if he knows  
their addresses. And finally back to me, with all their names on it!”

“But,” she said, taking his arm, “it’ll only make you unhappy. You’ve done  
things like this so many times before and . . .”

He wasn’t listening. Why do I never get these ideas by day, he thought.  
100 Why do I always get them after the sun goes down?

In the morning, first thing, he thought, I’ll mail this pumpernickel off, by  
God, to Tom and the others. And when it comes back I’ll have the loaf just as  
it was when it got thrown out and burned! Why not?

“Let’s see,” he said, as his wife opened the screen door and let him walk  
105 into the stuffy-smelling house to be greeted by silence and warm emptiness. “Let’s  
see. We also sang ‘Row Row Row Your Boat,’ didn’t we?”

In the morning, he came down the hall stairs and paused a moment in the  
strong full sunlight, his face shaved, his teeth freshly brushed. Sunlight brightened  
every room. He looked in at the breakfast table.

110 His wife was busy there. Slowly, calmly, she was slicing the pumpernickel.

He sat down at the table in the warm sunlight, and reached for the newspaper.

She picked up a slice of the newly cut bread, and kissed him on the cheek.  
He patted her arm.

“One or two slices of toast, dear?” she asked gently.

115 “Two, I think,” he replied.

*Ray Bradbury,*  
Contemporary American science fiction writer



VIII. Questions 56 to 62 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

PIGEON WOMAN

- Slate, or dirty-marble-colored,  
or rusty-iron-colored, the pigeons  
on the flagstones in front of the  
42nd St. Public Library make a sharp lake
- 5 into which the pigeon woman wades  
at exactly 1:30. She wears a  
plastic pink raincoat with a round  
collar (looking like a little
- 10 girl, so gay) and flat gym shoes,  
her hair square-cut, orange.  
Wide-apart feet carefully enter  
the spinning, crooning waves
- (as if she'd just learned how  
to walk, each step conscious,  
15 an accomplishment); blue knots in the  
calves of her bare legs (uglier marble),
- age in angled cords of jaw  
and neck. Her pimento-colored hair  
hangs in tassles, is gray  
20 around a balding crown.
- The day-old bread drops down  
from her veined hand dipping out  
of a paper sack. Choppy, shadowy ripples,  
the pigeons strike around her legs.
- 25 Sack empty, she squats and seems to rinse  
her hands in them — the rainy greens and  
oily purples of their necks. Almost  
they let her wet her thirsty fingertips —
- but drain away in an untouchable tide.  
30 A make-believe trade  
she has come to, in her lostness  
or illness or age — to treat the motley

*Continued*

city pigeons at 1:30 every day, in all  
weathers. It is for them she colors  
35 her own feathers. Ruddy-footed  
on the lime-stained paving,

purling<sup>1</sup> to meet her when she comes,  
they are a lake of love. Retreating  
from her hands as soon as empty,  
40 they are the flints<sup>2</sup> of love.

*May Swenson,*  
Contemporary American  
poet and playwright

<sup>1</sup>purling — glowing with murmuring sound

<sup>2</sup>flints — very hard, fine-grained quartz that sparks when struck by steel



IX. Questions 63 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the short story "Teen-Agers from Outer Space."

from TEEN-AGERS FROM OUTER SPACE

I learned humiliation in the summer of 1960, on a hot June day that promised only exhilaration and freedom. I blame it now on the weather. After the toxic winter of icy wind, and the endless heartbreaking procrastination of a Prairie spring, a brilliant June day will do terrible things to the cocky bravado of a fifteen-year-old.

In such an atmosphere, it is easy to be drawn into conspiracy against authority. I had intimations of it during the lunch break when I came across Reilly and the Babich brothers waiting for me at the door of Central Confectionery, across the street from the school. Each of them had a Cola in one hand and a burning cigarette in the other.

"Farnell! Izzat yer nose, or didja grow a turnip on yer face?"

"Hi guys, what's up?"

"We're gonna skip classes this afternoon."

"Are you nuts? My old lady'd kill me."

"C'mon Farnell, ya pill!"

But I returned to classes for the afternoon while they escaped, chortling gleefully. I realized I had missed a vital connection as I suffered through an hour-long maze of binomial theorems, the bright yellow sunshine pouring in through the tall windows behind my back. The final shreds of my self-discipline parched and shrivelled. I felt a headache beginning to pound. Through the agony and simmering rebellion, a tiny spark of hope suddenly flashed. I was sick! I had every right to leave. Liberation was at hand. Clutching at my head, I staggered out the door as the class ended. Luck rode with me as I slipped into the principal's office. The daily schedule on the wall said Old Scratch was out, offering Career Guidance to a Grade Nine class. The secretary, Miss Thompson, was a pushover for a sick slip. . . .

When I couldn't find Reilly and the Babiches, I wandered down Broad Street. A couple of blocks down the street, I passed the Broadway Theatre. The movie posters announced a double feature: an old Randolph Scott Western, and a new Hollywood epic, "Teen-Agers from Outer Space." That was a guaranteed hoot, and I have always been a sucker for Randolph Scott. I caught the last hour of "Teen-Agers", an incomprehensible narrative of Brylcreemed<sup>1</sup> aliens stumbling about some Iowa town.

As I slouched, my feet propped on the seat in front, I became aware of a girl fumbling her way into the black deserted theatre, bumping into seats next to the aisle. She could not see me, though I watched her, and on my adolescent mind she made a great impression. She was an Older Woman, the first girl I had ever fallen in love with. I forgot the movie as I gazed at the hair caressing her shoulders. I began thinking that I had the courage to sit beside her, introduce myself, stroke her long dark tresses.

At the intermission, I made up my mind to act and got a box of popcorn in the lobby. As the Western began, I found myself stumbling toward the seat beside her, dropping popcorn all the way. Faking an interest in the film credits,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Brylcreem — hair cream used to slick down the hair

I sat down, forcing my feet against the floor to keep my legs from trembling.  
45 My eyes locked on the titles: "Darryl F. Zanuck, Producer." I extended the box of popcorn toward a point just below her chin.

"Popcorn?" My voice squeaked. A few puffs shook from the box and bounced on the floor.

"No thank you," she said quietly, glancing at me once and turning away.  
50 My arm began shaking violently. I pulled it back and let it fall on the armrest between us. I'd made a fool of myself! I didn't have an excuse to leave. I was paralyzed. My legs refused to move. Randolph galloped through a piney gulch on the way to Dodge City, uncaring and unaware. I'd been left in the dust.

But through a haze of misery, I suddenly saw her hand swing gracefully out  
55 of her lap and dip toward the box of popcorn. With unconscious skill, it withdrew a few morsels and rose toward her mouth.

Overcoming my humiliation, I turned to stare. She softly crushed the popcorn between her front teeth, piece by piece. The waves of hair on her shoulder rose and fell with the movement of her jaw. I noticed a teardrop on her bottom eyelash,  
60 glistening in the flickering light.

We sat for a long time, she watching the movie and laying my popcorn to waste, I watching the teardrops tremble and slide down her cheek. When the popcorn box was empty, her hand returned to her lap.

"More popcorn?" I whispered. She shook her head. I took off down the  
65 row to the foyer, flipping seats out of my way. At the snack bar, I bought a package of red licorice and sped back to my seat. I extended one of the long red strips toward her. She took it without looking away from the gun battle which blasted at us from the screen.

We finished the licorice as the Western galloped to a conclusion. I had no  
70 funds for the second intermission; moreover, I'd seen "Teen-Agers from Outer Space." A sense of passing time began to oppress me. With panic gnawing through my innards, I finally whispered, "This is where I came in."

She looked at me blankly, then picked up her sweater and moved toward the aisle. I followed about four paces behind.

On the sidewalk of Broad Street we stood trying to get our bearings, blinded  
75 for a moment by the sun. What next? My bicycle was chained to a parking meter in front of the theatre, but I was above such childish devices. Would I know how to talk? Could I stand there stalling long enough to acquire a driver's licence and a car?

Without a word of farewell, she began to walk down the street.  
80

I ran to catch up. "Say, how be I walk you home?" I said. "Or somewhere?"

She stopped and looked at me coolly, noticing for the first time my Central Crusaders team jacket, my oversized nose, the cluster of pimples across my forehead. Teen-ager from outer space.

85 "Are you trying to pick me up?"

"No, no!" I cried in horror. "It's just — well, I saw you crying! I thought I could . . . maybe . . ."

"Could what?" A hard look that I had not seen in the theatre came over her face. Passers-by stared at us.

90 "Could sort of — be a friend. If you're all alone."

"What do you know about it?"

"I was just thinking . . ."

"You're only a kid! *Aren't* you?"

"Well no, not really, I'm uh you know, advanced for my age."

*Continued*

95 "Well — keep advancing."

She shrugged one shoulder and began walking away. Following some bizarre instinct, I tagged along behind, watching the dark hair swing back and forth across her shoulders as she wandered down one street and then another.

100 We came to a playground. She stopped to watch the children play while I waited, chewing on my nails. Without warning, she began to cry again. She sat down on a bench in front of the band stand, gazing at the empty shell the same way she had focussed on the movie screen.

I braced myself for another attempt. "Maybe — in a few years — we could meet again. I'll be out of high school next year. I'm gonna get a job. If you  
105 could wait — I might be able to get in touch with you —"

"What's your name?" she said, still staring at the band shell.

"Bill."

"I'm Kate."

The moment had come. I reached out to touch her hair.

110 "Don't do that."

"How come?"

The tears began from her eyes again.

"What is it?"

"Nothing! Oh, I don't know — I'm all confused —"

115 She fell against my chest, sobbing. "I'm married! I mean, I *was* married — oh, I don't know what to do — Ron's disappeared — I left the baby at the neighbor's —"

"Baby?"

120 I was torn between holding her close and fleeing at all speed from this shocking glimpse into adult life.

"William!" a voice called.

I looked up in horror to see my mother running across the park toward us. My father was waiting at the park gate beside the car, looking grim. I leaped away in a panic.

125 "What is going on here?"

"Nothing."

"The school said you left there at 2:30! We've been driving all over town! I was terrified you'd had an accident, that you'd been left dying at the side of the road."

130 "I have to go now," Kate said. "It's getting late."

"And who is this, William?"

"Hey, it's okay. Just someone I met."

"We'll discuss this later!"

135 "I just forgot to phone home and tell you where I was. You can go ahead in the car. I have to get my bike at the Broadway."

My mother's face turned red, then livid again. "You were at the *movies*?"

"Yeah. Randolph Scott."

"Wait until your *father* hears about this. Wait until Mr. *Ballard* hears about this! As for you, young lady —!"

140 I looked around for Kate, but she had disappeared. A group of toddlers had gathered to watch my humiliation.

The future lay before me like a series of icy baths: Father, Mother, Old Scratch. I marched toward it out of the playground, head held high, as the first chill of night emanated from the long shadows of Broad Street.

Ken Mitchell,  
Contemporary Western Canadian writer

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